

The Abbey

A bridge is there to join its halves.
Where people stroll on meandering paths.
And the children's faces have ice-cream smiles
By end of day they've covered miles.

Families play under spreading branches
Then eat their treats from picnic lunches.
We did not have the open moors.
But Kearsney Abbey was our great outdoors.

There's the cedar tree circled by wooden grille.
Where we ran around with a childlike shrill.
I remember when as a tiny child
We had the Abbey free and wild.

John Fuller